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ALUMNI ASSOCIATION

PROPERTY

DO NOT TAKE FROM ALUMNI ROOM.

"What fools these mortals be!"

Puck

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"What Fools These Mortals Be!"

LATEST STATISTICS show that during 1903 the murders committed in Italy numbered 3,106, with 93,768 wounded. This was a decrease over the preceding year, owing to the unusually heavy emigration to the United States.

If Thaw "wrought with God" that night on the Madison Square roof, doubtless he was taking a few minutes off when he offered to introduce James Clinch Smith to "a buxom brunette."

WHEN MR. SPOONER left the Senate there was the biggest vacuum that has been made for twenty years.—*Senator Depew*

Chauncey is too modest. The vacuum which Spooner created by his absence is more than made up by that which Depew provides by his presence.

NICHOLAS LONGWORTH, it is reported, favors Mr. Taft. Longworth? Longworth? Why, yes, to be sure. By the way, isn't it pretty near

Among the things which they order much better in England than in the United States, is the trying of such creatures as Thaw. Such a miscarriage of justice as was lately witnessed here is not possible in Britain.

WHAT is the "artistic temperament" which wreaks such havoc with domestic happiness?—*N. Y. World.*

A more interesting question is, What was it called fifty years ago? Appendicitis used to be called inflammation of the bowels.

AFTER LISTENING to the Rev. Morgan Dix we are inclined to agree with Mr. Stead, that the influence of the Church for universal peace is about as powerful as a row of pins.

"I beg of you do not think of those things you do not have."
—*Taft to the Porto Ricans.*

Is the genial Secretary setting a heroic example by keeping his mind off the Presidency of the United States?

SECRETARY BONAPARTE happily suggests "Semper Idem" as a name for a whiskey. Instead of replying, "Make mine the same," a man may say "Semper idem."

MR. ROOSEVELT does not merely sleep. He "pounds his ear."

THE Rev. Mr. Aked comes to New York "to fight the devil enshrined in the almighty dollar." The name of this devil, as Mr. Aked may know, is "Success," and so popular a devil is he that there are periodicals devoted to boosting him.

WILLIAM ARCHER wishes it understood that in favoring "simplified spelling," he represents nobody but himself. As this is the case with the other simple spellers the language is in no immediate danger. There is something wrong mentally with a person who believes in writing it "thoroly."

NOW THAT President Roosevelt has decided the question "what is whiskey?" it is up to some enterprising distiller to put a "Square Deal Rye" on the market.



EXAMINING TALESMEN AT THE SECOND THAW TRIAL.

The only New Yorkers who will not have formed an opinion about the case or been influenced by what they have read.

PUCK



IN THE DAY OF MIXED JURIES.

FOREMAN (after ten hours of it) — But why — why — in the face of such evidence in his favor, do you still believe the man to be guilty?
THE CALM MINORITY — Why? Oh, because!

THE HONEST MAN AND THE MAGNATE.

A MAGNATE and an Honest Man stood by a high bridge, under which a train was passing.

"Capitalization ten millions," said the Magnate, in his off-hand manner. "Much water?"

"Plenty," replied the Honest Man.

"The river nearby furnishes enough for drinking and steaming."

The Magnate bent a sad gaze upon the Honest Man. Presently he asked: "What is that arrangement rising from the track near the signal tower?"

"That," replied the Honest Man, "is a safety device."

The Magnate looked bored. "Oil, coal, and timber lands exploited?" he enquired.

"No," replied the Honest Man, without any emotion.

The veins on the neck of the Magnate swelled; his face grew purple. "Will you kindly inform me," he choked, "what is the object of this corporation?"

"Why, transportation, of course," was the frank reply.

The Magnate clutched at the rail for support; slowly sank to his knees, and expired. Moral: The Millennium may be nearer than some think. Powell Thurston Manning.



THE DOPE HABIT.

WALL STREET NEUROTIC. — I don't know why it is, but this stuff doesn't do me nearly as much good as it used to.

THE SEVEN AGES OF WHEELS.



WICKER CARRIAGE we provide
In which the baby first may ride.

With kilts, a yellow cart arrives, —
A doubtful billy-goat he drives.

In knickerbockers, down the pike
He circuses upon his bike.

The age of love and gasoline
Demands a sixty-horse machine

The years advance; he rides afar
In his palatial private car.

Old, feeble, if the day be fair,
His valet wheels him in his chair.

Then one last trip he takes on wheels,
His head no higher than his heels.

Frank Roe Batchelder.

RIGHTEOUS INDIGNATION.

"TELL you how it was," said a certain prominent citizen of the Arkansas neighborhood of Gobbler Scratch. "I believe, with the Scriptures, that a man that strikes a woman except in anger is worse than an in-fiddle; but when I found that my wife had given all the milk to the baby that I'd brought in for the pup, I reproached the lady with a bed-slat. Dad-fetch it! — you know, yourself, that a child can scuffle along 'most any-which-a-way, but a coon-dog pup has got to be handled pike thin glass if you want him to amount to anything!"

A TENNESSEE minister says strong drink, theatres, peek-a-boo shirt-waists, gambling, race-horses and automobiles are all to be found in hell. Some men would describe him as the attorney for the defense.



RELIGIOUS WORKERS.

THE PAYING TELLER (to the Cashier). — Stop a moment, brother. To-morrow's papers will publish the fact that we are both pillars of the Umph Street Church. Let us open the safe with prayer.

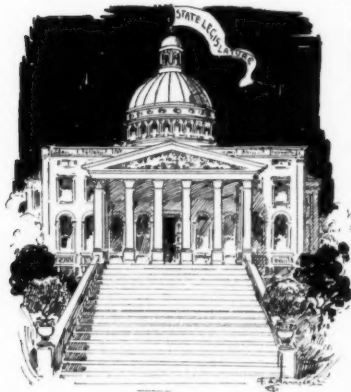
A bold metaphor is a metaphor which dares to throw something over naked truth.



WHO'S WHO IN AMERICA.

IT'S A WISE CHILD.

IT DELIGHTED young Warrington to be referred to as a literary dilettante. Indeed, to allude to him as one of these rather indefinite beings would please him even more highly than a subtle compliment on the superior points of his 80 h.p. racing machine.



SIMILE.

"Ye are like whited sepulchres, which indeed appear beautiful outward but are within full of all uncleanness."—*Mat. 23:27.*

Warrington's excursions into the rarified regions of literature were neither prolonged nor arduous. Short flights were his specialty, and for this his friends were duly grateful. At times, however, he felt the spirit moving him to do something really noteworthy in a literary way.

On one of these occasions, Warrington shut himself up for several months and wrote a play. The idea, he confessed to a few intimates, had been "germinating" within him long since. It seemed that the Great American Drama was imminent once more. The finished product surpassed even his fondest hopes. It was with considerable confidence that Warrington submitted his manuscript to a manager.

It came back in time, but Warrington persevered. He recalled that some of the best things on Broadway had been hawked all over town before being triumphantly produced, to the dismay of the obtuse ones who had not recognized a good thing.

Accordingly with unflagging faith he continued to submit his play.

As it happened, the manuscript was accepted after only four or five rejections by one of our most notorious managers. The great man summoned Warrington and congratulated him. He informed him that only some minor changes would be required.

A series of consultations developed the fact that the changes consisted in re-writing the first act, expanding the second into two, introducing an entirely different climax and making a decided change in the ending of the play.

With a chastened spirit Warrington entered upon another period of literary activity from which he emerged wan but hopeful. Again he sought the affable manager.

This time the changes were not so extensive. Still, there was considerable difficulty when the play was finally placed in rehearsal. The leading lady, who was accustomed to having her say about



FALLACIOUS THEORIES

As the moving man is generally supposed to handle furniture. Now, by just turning the page, you may see—

things, declared that the part assigned to her did not nearly measure up to her well-advertised powers. She intimated that she could, without the slightest difficulty, annex a number of the best lines given to other characters.

Needless to say she annexed them, though Warrington found the process painful to his ideals, some of which were still working.

The leading man, who was particularly strong with the management, then volunteered a few suggestions regarding the bolster-

FAITH, HOPE AND—PUBLICITY.



I.

ANDREW.—John, this young man is evidently worthy of our charity. Let us educate him.



II.

JOHN.—Hold your head still, young man. The next one, Andrew, is mine to educate.



III.

NOTICE.—Students must report every week at the Charity Department and have their labels renewed. By order of
(Signed) JOHN AND ANDREW.

PUCK



—ILLUSTRATED.
How he really handles furniture.

ing-up of *his* part. He confided to Warrington that, although the part was a weak one at best, he had in mind a number of changes for its betterment. These for the most part inclined towards the heroic the exclamatory and the center of the stage. Warrington made the changes. He had to.

After this there was more trouble. Various members of the management and cast kept Warrington exceedingly busy, and what with the unending altering, revising and wrangling, he became very weary of being a playwright. He had hacked his original manuscript into an almost unrecognizable mass, and still no one was satisfied. Besides, this was real work, and he didn't have to work. In the midst of it all, he packed up and went to Europe to recuperate. He concluded to leave the business of playwrighting to Clyde Fitch and the others.

It was several months later when Warrington returned and another theatrical season was in full blast. Arriving in New York he noted a first night at a well-known theater, and by showing due deference to a ticket speculator, he managed to secure a choice seat.

The play was well on when he entered, and for some reason it seemed to be pleasing the critical assemblage gathered there to rend.

A man, Warrington knew, tapped him on the shoulder after the first act.

"It's all right, old man," he said.

Warrington nodded. He did not care for the piece, himself. Rather reminiscent, he thought, and not up to much, at that. Certainly parts of it were vaguely familiar, possibly one of those far-fetched adaptations of something foreign. Still the audience seemed to like it and grew absolutely enthusiastic at times.

The third act ended, the curtain descended to a perfect storm of applause. The actors responded again and again and then there were insistent cries for the author. Warrington wondered idly if they would make the poor, blushing devil show himself.

Suddenly he became aware that the man he knew was punching him in the back.

"What's the matter?" asked Warrington, turning around.

"Get up there, you chump," he said. "Don't you hear them calling for you?"

"Me!" exclaimed

Warrington. "Man, are you crazy? They're calling the author."

But people all over the house were calling his name and it seemed to him that every face in the house was turned in his direction.

For the first time Warrington glanced at his program. He beheld his full name on the front page.

By Jove, this was his own play!

Still Warrington's speech was just as coherent as any of them make.

Arthur D. Pratt.



"COUNTRY LIFE IN AMERICA."

HIS PIOUS VIEW.

FIRST PASSENGER (*on the "L"*).—We ought to agitate for better service.

SECOND PASSENGER.—Oh, no. Why not leave the matter to those in whose hands Providence has placed the transit facilities of the country?

GOOD humor is decidedly a comfortable thing, both to have and to meet with, but for all that it were a sorry day for human progress if everybody should be good-humored all the time.



AMEN, SISTAH!

OLD AUNTY BRESSLAUD (*fervently*).—O-o-o-h, yes, Pahson, Ah sholy does believ in a ghloious hereafter, but Ah doesn't expect to lib to see it.

The statecraft which does things provides opportunity for the statecraft which undoes things, so ultimately there is glory for all.

PUCK

April Arias.

NOTHING TO DO BUT DIG.

"We found things in good shape, and it is only a question of digging to complete the canal."—*Speaker Cannon.*

EVERYTHING'S lovely down Panama way,
Ev'rything's trim and trig;
Nothing to shovel but sand and clay,
Nothing to do but dig.

Nothing to scoop out but earth and rocks;
Nothing to dredge but mud;
Nothing to build but the walls and locks
That hold the impatient flood.

Otherwise ev'rything's quite complete,
Down to the last detail;
Ea-terly, westerly, ships a fleet
Soon through the ditch will sail.

Finished—on paper—the giant plan
Dear to our Teddy's heart;—
Enterprise monstrous, Gargantuan!—
Finished—upon the chart.

The goose hangeth high down
Panama way,
Ev'rything's trim and trig.
Where are the scoffers of
yesterday?
There's nothing to do but dig.

"The real question," remarked
Mr. Jerome, "is whether this town is
to become a mining camp." Well,
now, is there any more lawlessness in
a mining camp? Is the lust for gold
any stronger in a mining camp than in
Gotham? Is Justice as leaden-heeled?
There is a limit to the patience of the
inhabitants of a mining camp. They
do, on occasion, put aside their gold-

grubbing and clean house. What is the prospect of a house-
cleaning in New York City?

Mr. Morgan denies any knowledge of the Van Dyck portraits
missing from Genoa. Then it must have been Pat Sheedy.

"Why don't the critics attack me instead of my wife?" asks



GILT-EDGED SECURITY.

THE HEAVY MAN.—Lend me a five-spot till Saturday night,
will you, Fred?

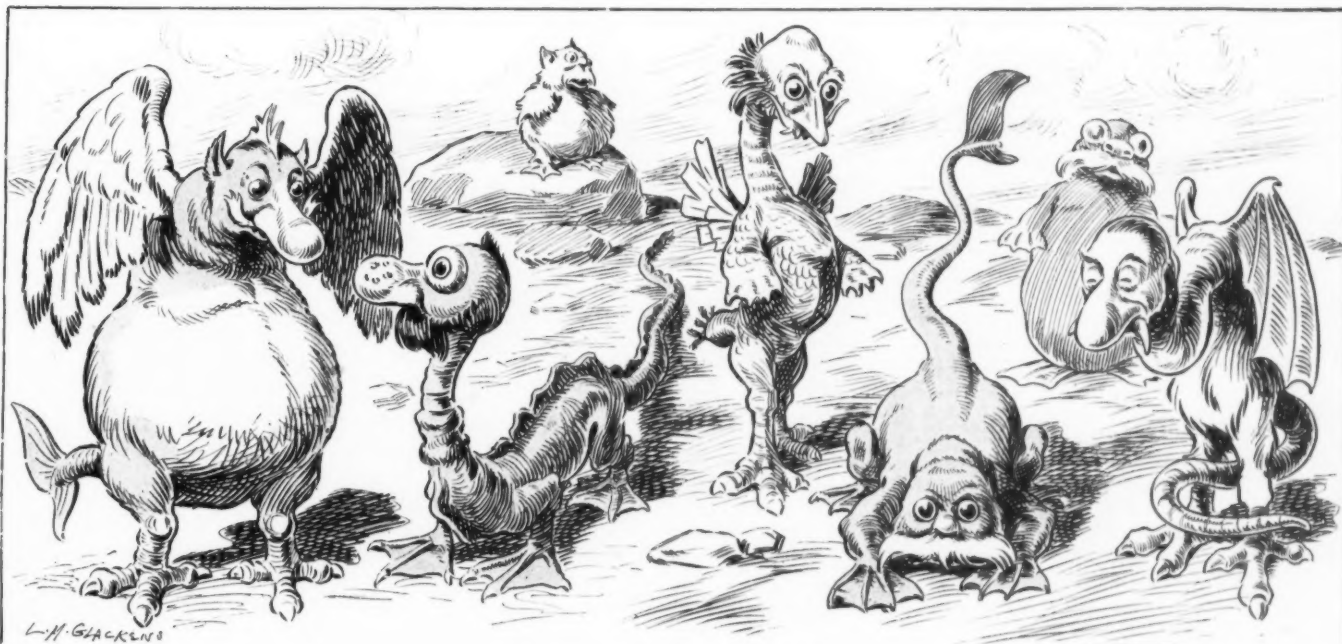
THE STAR.—Any chance of my getting it back?

THE HEAVY MAN.—Is there! Why, say, don't I win five
thousand at faro in the second act?

the husband of Amelia Bingham. If Bingham is really desirous to
collect all that is coming to him, he should write the next play that
his wife stars in.

Mr. Stead finds our President too thin-skinned. Fortunately
Mr. Harriman has hide enough for both. Harriman's epidermis
resembles linoleum.

B. L. T.



IN PREHISTORIC GERMANY.

RECONSTRUCTED BY DR. HANS VON DACTYLMAIER OF THE ICHWEISSNICH WISSENSCHAFTLICHE GESELLSCHAFT.



THE PUCK PRESS

THE COURTSHIP OF
PRISCILLA. — Why don't you speak for

UCK

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SHIP OF BILL TAFT.

ou speak for yourself, Theodore?

PUCK

GREEN ROOM FLASHES.

MERRY QUIPS OF FOOTLIGHT FAVORITES. CULLED BY THE PRESS AGENTS.



A LOCAL ROOSEVELT.

SELECTMAN BEEGOSH — Yesiree, there's a gigantic conspiracy afoot to defeat me an' my measures, an' there's a corruption fund of seventy-nine dollars! One of the fellers talked in his cups last night an' give the hull thing away!

ONE of the best stories of the year is attributed to De Wolff Hopper, the well known comic opera star. It seems that a discussion arose in the Lambs Club at New York as to whether or not a certain door in the basement should be repaired. It was in such a deplorable condition that one of the members argued that it was incorrect to speak of it as a door because it was a door no longer.

"Indeed," said a celebrated author who chanced to be present; "then at what particular point is a door not a door?"

Hopper, who had been taking no part in the discussion, turned to the speaker.

"Do you really want to know?" he asked.

"Certainly," responded the victim.

"Well," said the veteran comedian, "a door is not a door when it is a jar!"

Jolly George Cohan was spending a couple of weeks at a summer hotel where a Methodist preacher, a Baptist deacon and a Freethinker were lodging. One afternoon the talk turned to religion and in a short time the trio became involved in all the knotty problems of the universe.

George stood it as long as he could, but when they began on the doctrine of predestination he rose from his chair and turned on all the electric lights in the room.

"Hello," said the Methodist, "what's that for?"

"Oh, I'm just trying to throw a little light on the subject," said the author-actor merrily.

Last summer Comedian Joe Weber had the good fortune to be cruising on a private yacht along the coast of Central America. As usual, one of the numerous revolutions was under way and by the use of a little judiciously expended money the party managed to get a grandstand view of one of the big battles.

It happened that after an exciting bayonet charge Weber saw a hospital man carrying a wounded soldier on his back. As the pair came nearer a cannon shot



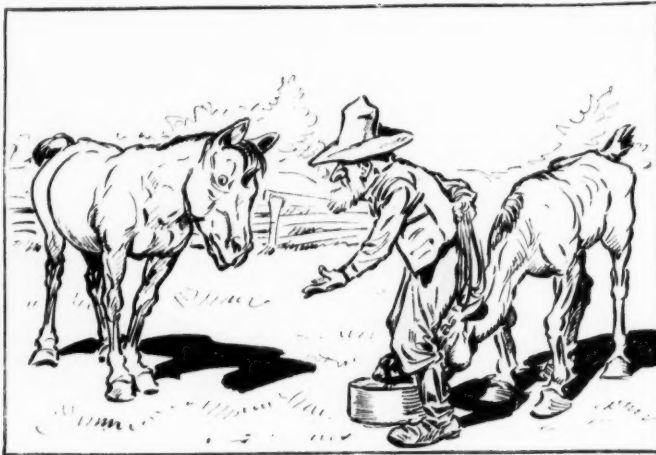
THERE'S MANY A

took off the wounded soldier's head but without attracting the attention of the man beneath.

"Hold on," said Weber to the hospital man, "there's no use carrying that fellow; a ball has taken off his head."

The hospital man threw his burden to the ground in disgust.

"His head, is it?" he grunted scornfully. "I always knew that man was a liar. He told me it was his leg!"



SLEP 'TWIXT THE

It is not often that an actor is stumped by a three-year-old, but Nat Goodwin tells the following story of the small daughter of an intimate friend.

According to the tale Nat Goodwin went over to the little lady on Christmas day with a toy chicken that squawked. The child was delighted and thanked the actor a dozen times. When he was about to leave she stepped in front of him and said: "Uncle Nat, I want to ask you a question."

"Go ahead," said the good-natured comedian.

"Do you know why a chicken goes across the road?"

Goodwin puzzled at it for some time before he gave up.

"I don't know," he remarked at last; "do you?"

"Why, of course," said the little one; "it's to get on the other side."

And Nat admitted that the drinks were on him.

Horatio Winslow.

ANECDOTE OF WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR.

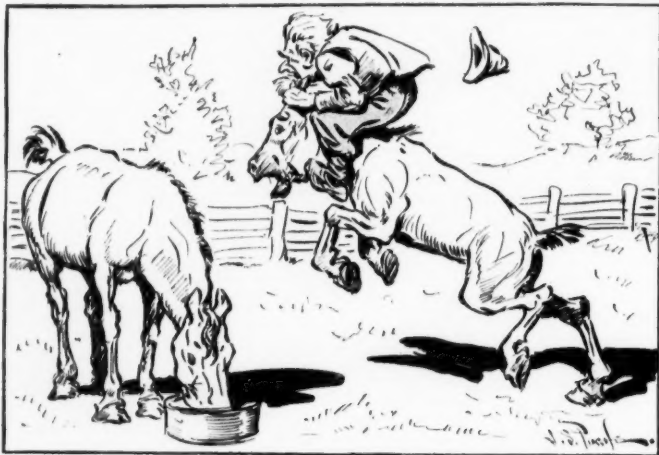
ONE DAY King William the Conqueror was seen to kick himself, whereupon the estates of the realm voted an address to the throne, calling for an explanation, provided, of course, if it were compatible with the public interest.

"Why, certainly," replied the sovereign, graciously. "The doctor told me I should pay for it, when I ate lobster for supper last night, and now I'm footing the bill, that's all."

His words were variously received. The loyal Normans laughed heartily and vowed his majesty was perfectly killing some now, but the disgruntled Saxons kept straight faces, and more than intimated that they had heard the joke before.



HALTER AND



THE HORSE.

PUCK



"AND THE BAND PLAYED ON"

THE SPY.

I SAW her drop a rosebud, and I thought she did not know;
As she passed along and left it I beheld her cheeks aglow;
The blushing rose had rested on the lovely maiden's breast,
And its petals by her dainty little fingers had been pressed.



I watched the fragrant rosebud where
it lay beside a chair,
And because she was so winsome and
because she was so fair,
And because—because I loved her
whom I had not dared to tell,
I bent stealthily to claim it, vowing
I would prize it well.

I had pressed my lips upon
it and was turning to
depart,
Thinking I should always
keep it safely hidden
near my heart,
When a friendly mirror
showed me where she
stood upon tiptoes
In a little nook and gladly
watched me as I kissed
the rose.

Ah, what cared I for the rose-
bud? It had lost its charm
for me;

Joyously I caught the maiden ere she had a chance to flee;
Nay, the rest shall be a secret—if you'd learn it, find a nook
That contains a lovely maiden who has told you with a look.

S. E. Kiser.

THE DEPENDENT AND DELINQUENT CLASS.

A CERTAIN man went down from Jerusalem to Jericho and fell
among monopolists who charged him all the traffic would bear,
and wounded him and left him half dead.

And by chance the Chaplain of the gang of monopolists passed
that way, and when he saw him he said, "We must have a hospital
endowed for those whom God has afflicted," and he passed by on
the other side.

And a deacon of the monopolists, when he saw him, said, "Alms-
giving pauperizes the poor," and he passed by on the other side.

But a certain Samaritan monopolist, as he journeyed, came
where the man was, and when he saw that he had no where to lay
his head, he had compassion upon the passers by that were annoyed
by reason of the man's importunity, and called an officer, who put
him in his own station house and poured in advice upon him.



A LARGER ADDITION.

SALESMAN.—Here's a nice roomy one that will hold two children
comfortably.

MR. COONLEY (*somewhat embarrassed*).—Very nice indeed;
but—er—you doesn't happen teh hab one in stock dat's equipped wif
a *tonneau*, does you?

Feminine Intuition—What a woman claims to have when she happens
to make a good guess.



A
SINGLE ORDER
OF
BOTTLES
FOR

HUNTER WHISKEY

IF PLACED END TO END
WOULD REACH FROM

BALTIMORE
TO
CHICAGO

THIS GIVES SOME IDEA
OF THE MAGNITUDE
OF ITS POPULARITY



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WM. LANAHAN & SON, Baltimore, Md.

HENRY LINDENMEYER & SONS
PAPER WAREHOUSE,
82, 84 and 86 Bleecker Street,
BRANCH WAREHOUSE: 29 Beekman Street, } New York
All kinds of Paper made to order.



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Beeman's
THE ORIGINAL
Pepsin
Gum
Cures Indigestion and
Sea-Sickness.
All Others are Imitations.

OPPORTUNITIES.

"Everybody has opportunities," remarked the trite philosopher.

"Yes," answered the hard-luck raconteur; "I have had numerous opportunities to let bad investments alone, but I didn't embrace them." — *Washington Star*.

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It not only gives a high, glowing, durable polish to all metals, but the polish
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White Rock

"The Champagne of Waters"

THE NEW RULE.

The one-legged man refused to pay more than half-price for a shine. "Contracts go by the foot in this State," he said.

"All right," said the bootblack, who was a shrewd lad and went to night-school; "by the Sanderson system of measurement the polish on your lonely extremity will cost you \$73.18."

Nor was the customer able to prove otherwise, and a compromise was agreed upon.—*Philadelphia Ledger*.



POSTING HIM.

THE BRAINY ONE.—Now, remember, at de next house, dat I'm a college professor an' your me favorite pupil, an' we're on a perdestrian tour of de country, studyin' sociology.

Nothing will quicker revolutionize the system and put new life into it, than Abbott's Bitters. All druggists and grocers.

NOON HOUR.

FIRST BROKER'S CLERK.—How long do you take for lunch?
SECOND BROKER'S CLERK.—Ten minutes.

"Ten minutes? Is that all the time the boss gives you at noon?"

"No; you didn't ask me that. I have an hour at noon. I take ten minutes to eat, and the rest of the time I smoke cigarettes!"—*Yonkers Statesman*.

SPOILED HER PLEASURE.

"Did you enjoy the play last night? I saw that you had a box."

"No. My husband's watch was twenty minutes fast and as it was very hot in the theatre I had to take off my beautiful new wrap before half of the people I wanted to see me in it had arrived."—*Chicago Record-Herald*.

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After SHAVING use

Nothing else is so soothing
and so beneficial to the skin.
Nothing else is so

REFRESHING and HEALING

Refuse all substitutes. Many
are adulterated with active
poisons.

Insist on having

POND'S
EXTRACT

The Standard
for 60 Years.

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FOR MEN OF BRAINS Cortez CIGARS —MADE AT KEY WEST—

Comfort for Men
WASHBURN
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BULL-DOG GRIP
Beware of Imitations
Key Chains - - 25c
Scarf Holders - - 10c
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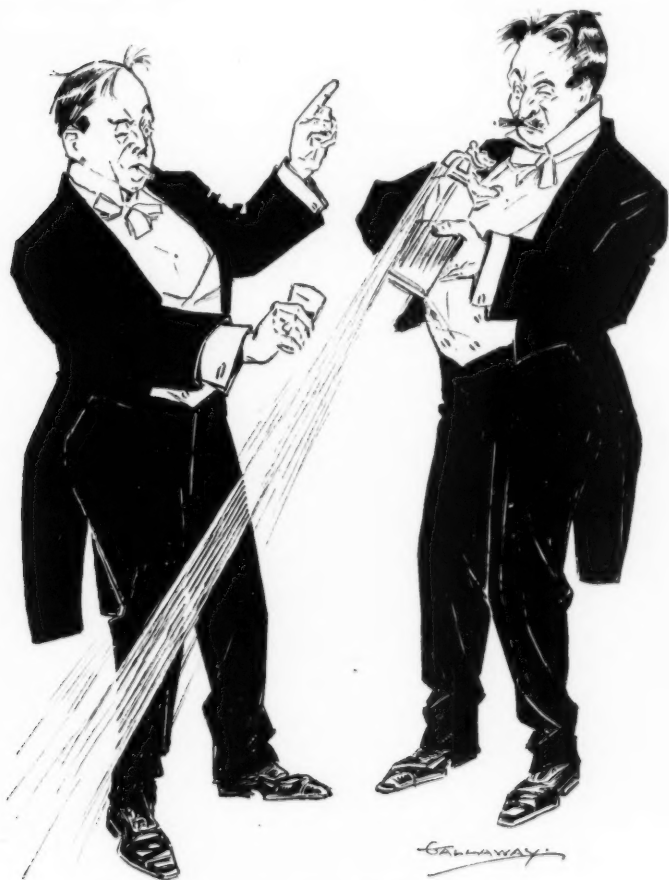
HER INGENUOUS OBSERVATION.
"Charley, dear," said young Mrs. Torkins, "the horses are in good form at the track."
"Yes," was the answer in a tone of irritation.
"But that doesn't prevent some of the bettors from being in bad shape, does it?"—*Washington Star*.

HIS DEPTH.
"Do you regard Grafton as a man of much depth?"
"Judging from the amount of stuff he drank at the banquet the other night I should say his depth was equal to that of an ordinary cistern."—*Chicago Record-Herald*.

COMFORTING THOUGHT.
MRS. BROWNE.—Mrs. Wythe says she thinks that it is wrong to play whist.
MRS. BLACK.—It is, the way she plays it.—*Somerville Journal*.

NOT AT ALL.
"Does your husband possess an artistic temperament?"
"Oh, no; not at all. He regards the marriage tie as binding."—*Chicago Record-Herald*.

MISS SMATTERS.—How did you happen to look so smiling in these pictures?
MRS. PATTS.—The photographer took them before he told me the price.—*Detroit Free Press*.



AT THE GUN CLUB STAG.

GENTLEMAN WITH GLASS.—Ain' you 'shamed yourself? You're the man tha' didn't mish a bird thish shafternoon.

Do you get up tired and feel tired all day? Try a tablespoonful of Abbott's Bitters in sweetened water before meals. At grocers or druggists.

ALL this talk about the hardness of vegetable eaters comes just at the time when most women are urging their husbands to get busy in the garden.—*Washington Post*.

The men who smoke them, and the places where you find them—these are the truest tests of cigarette quality.

EGYPTIAN DEITIES CIGARETTES

represent the highest standard of excellence ever obtained.
They are invariably first choice in the most exclusive clubs and among the most critical smokers.

No. 1 Size 10 for 35c.
No. 3 Size 10 for 25c.
S. ANARGYROS, Manufacturer, 111 5th Ave., N. Y.

Egyptian Scenes—The Colossi of Memnon at Thebes.

A KANSAS man asserts that he recently saw a rat with horns. As the authorities insist that the prohibition law is being enforced in Kansas, there must be something wrong with the soda water in that State.—*Washington Post*.

BOKER'S BITTERS

Antidyspeptic. A tonic, an appetizer and a delicacy in mixed drinks.

INSTRUCTOR.—What was the Arc de Triomphe?
1910.—Noah's, wasn't it? — *Harvard Lampoon*.



SHE is a wise wife who pretends to believe everything her husband tells her.—*Chicago Daily News*.

ONLY a mean girl at a wedding will make it a point to look happier than the bride.—*Somerville Journal*

A NEW YORK man courted a young lady and managed to secure the loan of \$3,500. As one of the professors in that proposed school of courtship in Chicago, he ought to prove a decided success.—*Washington Post*.

DIAMONDS ON CREDIT
You Can Easily Own a Diamond or Watch. Pay one-fifth on delivery, balance in 8 monthly payments. Catalog free. Write today. LOFTIS BROS. & CO., Dept. B 30, 92 State St., Chicago, Ill.

A FOOL for luck is a man who succeeds in getting what you want.—*Chicago Daily News*.

THE way to get rich is to lay up part of your own income and as much as possible of other people's.—*Somerville Journal*.

A WOMAN is apt to make some very striking remarks when she has occasion to hit her husband for a little pin money.—*Chicago Daily News*.

AFTER looking through the new Douma, the Czar must have been distressed to note that there are very few mollicoddles in it.—*Wash. Post*.

WHEN a girl takes a week's time to consider a proposal of marriage, the man had better back out. She doesn't love him.—*Somerville Journal*.

IF the doctor who claims ability to hypnotize people into a state of goodness can succeed with a Capitol contractor as a subject he's all right.—*Philadelphia Ledger*.

Brilliancy, Color and Flavor are the tests of the purity and quality of Ale.

A bottle of Evans'

with its froth of cream, amber hue, sparkling brilliancy and mellow flavor will make a connoisseur of the most casual ale drinker.

All Dealers and Places.

1786—C. H. EVANS & SONS—1907
Hudson, N. Y.



AN EVERY-DAY SONG.

I'll never envy any man
His glory and content,
An' yet it's mighty hard sometimes
To meet the rent—the rent!

'That poverty's a blessin'
Some folks they preach it still,
For what is wealth to rosy health?
But—oh! the grocery bill!

The poor are God's own people—
The Bible gives us proof;
But—when the bailiff's at the door
I'm reachin' for the roof!

—*Atlanta Constitution.*

Cupid employs a lot of chaperons in his match factory.—*Chicago Daily News.*

It is said that a mosquito will pick out a negro every time to jab his javelin into. Which is another argument in favor of colored help about the house.—*Washington Post.*

The Woman In The Case



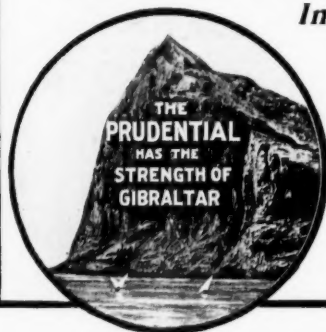
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"BAT" Masterson having expressed the opinion that the President is "the greatest ever," the question may as well be considered as definitely and finally settled.—*Washington Post.*

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OF COURSE.

THE TOUGH ONE.—Dese are wind-matches, are dey, sonny? Wot do youse want wit' wind-matches? So's you kin light yer cigaroot in a brain-storm?

GREAT BEAR SPRING WATER.
"Its Purity Has Made It Famous."
Invaluable in the Home and Office.

U. S. Pure Food Inspectors refuse to eat adulterated foods—they also refuse to drink adulterated and counterfeit whiskeys. Every man of them KNOWS that

Sunny Brook

The Pure Food

Whiskey

obeys the National Pure Food Law—they also KNOW that Sunny Brook is "BOTTLED IN BOND" under the direct supervision of U. S. INTERNAL REVENUE OFFICERS, who affix over the neck of each bottle of our Rye and Bourbon the Government "GREEN STAMP," guaranteeing AGE, PURITY and QUANTITY.

Of the hundreds of samples analyzed by the North Dakota Pure Food Department chemists—acknowledged to be the most rigid in the U. S.—Sunny Brook was the ONLY whiskey found NORMAL.

Sold by all first-class dealers

HEARD OUT OF MEETING.

"I never hear you abusin' the devil?"
 "Too wise. How do I know but he may be the feller that'll have the last lick at me?"—*Atlanta Constitution*.

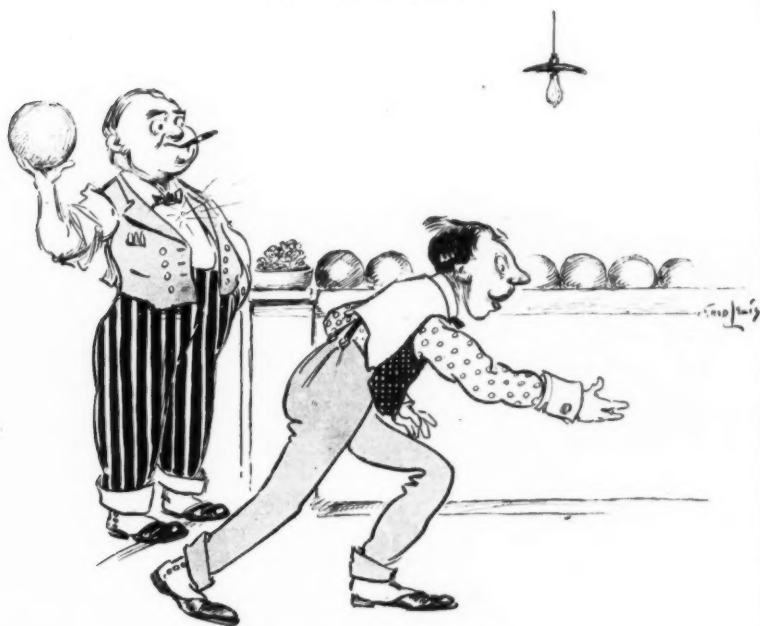
A DANGEROUS LUXURY.

"I like to hear a man say just what he thinks," said the frank, outspoken person.
 "Yes," answered the diplomat. "It's amusing to hear him. But I shouldn't care to be the man."—*Washington Star*.

PUMPS.—I have one hundred and fifty kinds of seeds planted in my flower garden.

DUMPS.—What in the world have you got as many as that for?

PUMPS.—I have to plant that many to be sure that at least half a dozen kinds'll come up.—*Detroit Free Press*.



THE GREATER NEED.

MR. WHOSNEXT.—I tell you, these mechanical devices for setting up pins are great things.

MR. BRAKER (*just rolled*).—Wish they'd invent something to knock 'em down.

LIFE'S INEXHAUSTIBLE INTEREST.

The stories have not all been told
 Nor have the songs as yet been sung,
 Although the themes seem very old
 There are new changes to be rung.

Of words the dictionary's full,
 Some overworked, some seldom used;
 A little literary pull,
 And still we're startled or amused.

And so at dawn of every day
 With expectations gay we rise
 To find there's yet some brand new way
 To tell a man he falsifies.
 —*Washington Star*.

TOO SLOW FOR HIM.

This is the notice the cross-roads postmaster tacked on the shutter the other day:

"This here town bein' too slow to call fer it's mail, I've decided to close up an' go to the three-days' picnic at Jinkinson's still. There ain't no mail here fer nobody nohow!"—*Atlanta Constitution*.

SOME men look as helpless as a lost dog.—*Chicago Daily News*.

FRIGHTENED ACTOR.—The leading lady is tearing her hair!

STAGE MANAGER.—Well, what of it? It isn't her hair.—*Detroit Free Press*.

A Club Cocktail

IS A BOTTLED DELIGHT



THOUSANDS have discarded the idea of making their own cocktails—all will after giving the CLUB COCKTAILS a fair trial. Scientifically blended from the choicest old liquors and mellowed with age make them the perfect cocktails that they are. Seven kinds, most popular of which are Martini (Gin base), Manhattan (Whiskey base).

The following label appears on every bottle:

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G. F. HEUBLEIN & BRO., Sole Props.
 Hartford New York London

A SUMMER CITIZEN.

De blacksnake en the melon vine
 Is runnin' me a race,
 But I soon will be a-sleepin',
 Wid de hot sun in my face!
 —*Atlanta Constitution*

NOT IN HIS LINE.

"Do you think Hamlet was mad?" inquired the critic.

"Sir," answered Mr. Stormington Barnes, "I am an actor, not an alienist."—*Washington Star*.

THERE are lots of things children would never think of doing if their parents did not forbid the doing thereof.—*Chicago Daily News*.

OLD.
 MELLOW
 AND
 FRAGRANT

Sold by leading dealers

WHEN a widower takes another wife for better or for worse he always hopes that there will be something like an average.—*Chicago Daily News*.

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has unexcelled facilities for the production of printed matter in modern style at moderate prices.

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SEND FOR ESTIMATES

JUST GERMS

A MAN there was who drank and ate
From sterilized cup and parboiled plate;
His every dish was keen inspected
For signs of germs and oft rejected;
Hygienic clothes he'd always wear
With antiseptic in his hair;
In cab or car he brushed his seat
And ran from dust-clouds on the street;
He steamed each greenback that he had,
Until precaution turned a fad;
He formed a club in germ-crank spheres
Where each would live a hundred years;
Alas! Before his work was done
He passed away at Forty-One.

A man there was who drank and ate
From hydrant cup and hash-house plate;
He took a plunge in bath-tubs murky
And dried off on a much-used Turkish;
The soap he used was never new,
His shaving-lather looked like glue;
He seldom ever changed his collar
And often used to hold a dollar
Between his teeth while making change,
And though it may seem queer and strange
He used to say that "Germs, begosh,
Were nothing but a lot of bosh;"
And when he left this earth for heaven,
His age was just green ninety-seven.

Victor A. Hermann.

